

...you're engaged to them, right?

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Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	DSMP - Fandom , Dream SMP , MYCT - Fandom
Relationships:	Alexis Quackity & Karl Jacobs & Sapnap , Alexis Quackity/Karl Jacobs/Sapnap , Alexis Quackity/Wilbur Soot , Karlnapity - Relationship , Alexis Quackity/Jschlatt , minor past
Characters:	Wilbur Soot , Alexis Quackity , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , where is the slimecicle tag??? , Help - Character , no foolish tags either , what kind of stupid ass , Ugh - Character , okay - Character , whatever - Character , there will be side characters around , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Niki Nihachu , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo
Additional Tags:	Wilbur Soot and Technoblade are Not Siblings , Alexis Quackity Has PTSD , Implied/Referenced Abuse , eventually , im sorry but the angst will come , Crack , Fluff and Crack , Crack Treated Seriously , Angst , Hurt/Comfort , Light Angst , Marriage , Polyamory , Passive-aggression , Passive Aggressive Quackity , thats not a tag but it is now , he's mad okay , Wilbur Soot is Not Okay , but he's trying his best , he'll get there , Misunderstandings , Romantic Comedy , sorta - Freeform , so many misunderstandings guys , so many , Fake/Pretend Relationship , wilbur soot being a little shit , as per usual , OKAY SO YOU KNOW HOW THIS SAYS LIGHT ANGST , NOT SO LIGHT ANYMORE , FUCK. IM SORRY , It has a happy ending I swear , Heavy Angst , Abusive Relationships , Not Between the Main Two , Suicidal Thoughts , Implied/Referenced Suicide , Wilbur Soot Has PTSD , Healing , Alexis Quackity is Not a Villain , Alexis Quackity is So Done , TommyInnit is So Done (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit Needs a Break (Video Blogging RPF) , Angst with a Happy Ending , Fluff and Angst , No Smut
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...you're engaged to them, right?

by [sunnywho34](#)

Summary

Kinoko Kingdom extends invitations to pretty much the whole server so they can all band together to stop the Eggpire. It's called the White Banquet, and, among many things, Karl and Sapnap are minorly hopeful that they can find a way to patch things up with Quackity during it, whether they get back together or not. Meanwhile,

The nerve, the nerve of those two! They think they can just invite Quackity to a banquet, act like nothing's changed? Well fine. He doesn't care, because he's doing great. Maybe he'll show them just how great he's doing. Maybe he'll bring Wilbur with him, just to show them how totally over them he is. I mean, Wilbur, for one, is happy to comply.

(Based off a piece of fanart by tumblr user CHJROPTERA and written at 2am im so fucking sorry take this tntduo just take it this one awesome art piece spun off this whole au im not sorry but im really sorry have fun)

Notes

takes place after wilbur gets turned down to join las nevadas. is this crack? maybe. maybe not. smut? maybe. eventually. this probably doesn't have karlnapity as end game im sorry. tnt duo is really dysfunctional but i love them too much.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

the worst trade deal quackity has made in history, perhaps, ever

Quackity sits in front of his communicator for what feels like hours.

He got the invitation not too long ago. Kiniko Kingdom had sent a letter to Las Nevadas, a letter for the White Banquet. *The White Banquet*.

He recognized Sapnap's handwriting, the little note from Karl. They wanted him to come over, and asked him to a banquet with tons of people there. They were inviting everybody apparently, everyone except for the Eggpire, which was understandable.

Techno would be there, his whole crew, the Syndicate was invited. The people up in Snowchester were invited too. They even asked him, they *had the audacity to ask him* if he wanted to bring a "plus one" outside of the Las Nevadas crew (who were all invited). A plus one!

He loved them, you know. Once upon a time he loved them so fucking much, and he could hardly believe that they put up with all of his bullshit, but it didn't mean anything in the end. They wanted to know if he'd moved on. Well fine, if they wanted to know if he'd moved on so bad, then maybe he'd tell them just that.

Because he had moved on, totally and completely, and he wasn't upset in the slightest about his two fiances who didn't seem to care about him anymore. Who left and made a country without him.

So, he went and made his own, and he was doing fine in Las Nevadas, but that was besides the point! A plus one. He was going to bring a plus one. Who could he bring? Maybe Charlie, but Charlie was too stupid to even *pretend* to be romantically interested in Quackity.

Who could he bring that would put up a good facade for his fiancés to believe he was in love with? That he would leave them for. Who would...? And then the idea came to him, and now he was sitting in front of the goddamn communicator, and it was four o'clock in the fucking morning, and he had a call to make. Was this a bad idea?

Perhaps. Maybe. But he wasn't scared, just... apprehensive. There were so many different ways this could go. But first, he had to make the conversation and figure it out. He had to. Fuck. Okay. He picked up the comm and dialed a familiar number (how the man managed to have the same fucking number after being dead was news to him, but whatever) and then waited for a ring in. Finally, it buzzed.

"Hello?" a familiar voice rang out from the other end, and Quackity sighed.

"Hello, Wilbur," he muttered. He could practically hear Wilbur's little ears perk up like some kind of fucked up corgi upon realizing who it was. There was some shuffling on the other end, a door closing.

“Quackity!” Wilbur echoed back at him. “Hello! What brings you to call? And uh- how do you still have my number?” he asked, and *God*, Quackity could hear the smile on the insufferable man’s face. He wished Wilbur could see him roll his eyes. He can’t, of course.

“I write down everybody’s comm number. Regardless, Wilbur, I have a... favor, to ask of you. Have you gotten an invitation to the White Banquet?” Wilbur made an annoyed sound.

“No, actually, but I’ve heard of it. Tommy got an invite, but not many people know I’m back. I doubt they’d invite me even if they did.”

“Right.” Quackity sighed. “Prime, why am I even- okay. Listen Wilbur, you know Sapnap and Karl Jacobs?” Wilbur scoffed.

“Uh, yeah. I don’t know Karl very well but I know that Sapnap’s favorite past times include killing pets and setting forests on fire.”

“Yeah, he’s a bit of a pyro. Whatever. They’re my fiancés.” He was met with silence.
“Wilbur?” More silence, a bit of shuffling.

“Ah,” Wilbur said, voice stiff. “Right. I didn’t... wasn’t aware of that. Hm. Well that’s- i’m not entirely sure how that happened, but there are a lot of things i’m not sure of anymore, and i’m- certainly very happy for you-”

“We aren’t on good terms.” More silence.

“Oh really?” Wilbur asked, and Quackity was pretty sure that he heard a purr in his voice this time. God damn it. Why was he doing this again? “What a shame-”

“Yeah, yeah, Wilbur, you can get all weird about it later,” Quackity snapped. “Sapnap, Karl and *George*-” he spit the last name like a curse. “-started a country without me. Anyway, they’re hosting the White Banquet. And they asked me if I wanted to... Oh Prime, they asked me if I wanted to bring a plus one.” Once again, silence.

“Listen, I’m going to be frank with you,” Wilbur started. “I know i’m not really supposed to be assuming anything, Alexis, but i’m not exactly sure what i’m supposed to think when you-”

“I want you to be the plus one,” Quackity interrupted, tired. “Not necessarily because I want to be with you, I don’t. No committed relationships or anything are on my mind. I don’t want to fuck you either-” Wilbur made a choked noise at that, and Quackity couldn’t help but feel a bit satisfied

“-I just need something to tick of my fiancés, and that has your name written all over it. So, I want- I want you to pretend to me my date to this stupid banquet. In return, I’ll... reconsider your offer to join Las Nevadas.”

He was going to regret that, but it wasn’t a guarantee that he was going to let Wilbur join. He didn’t plan on it, not at all, if he was being honest, but it was enough to lead him on, hopefully.

“Ah!” Wilbur responded. “That's a fantastic deal! When is the White Banquet, again?”

“Three days from now. I know it's short notice but-”

“No, not short notice at all. When would you like me to stop by Las Nevadas?” Quackity sighed.

“Prime. In two days? If that works?”

“Perfect!” Wilbur responded, still incredibly excited, and Quackity was beginning to wonder just how much sleep his old friend was running on to be this enthusiastic and loud.

“Wonderful! I will- erm, I will be there, Quackity. I'm looking forward to seeing you-”

“Yeah,” Quackity muttered. “Of course. Yeah. Obviously. Fuck. Okay. See you.” With that he shut off the communicator and sighed, leaning back. What had he gotten himself into this time? But Prime, he wanted to see Wilbur again, and he was much too tired to think about that and what it could mean.

First, he had to figure out if Fundy was going to the Banquet, or at least find a way to keep him out of the way when Wilbur arrived. He really didn't feel like dealing with that. Just a quick deal. He'd go to the banquet, try to spite Karl and Sapnap as best as he could, and then Wilbur would leave, and things would be normal again!

(Things would not, in fact, be normal again)

tommy comes to some grim realizations

Chapter Summary

remember when i said these would be better edited? yeah i lied. this is really short but here y'all go, tommy having an existential crisis. wilbur's nuts. you know how it is

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was not thrilled when Wilbur knocked on his bedroom door that morning.

He groaned and threw himself out of bed, supporting himself on the wall on his way to the door. He opened the door and blinked blurrily.

“Tommy!” Wilbur shouted, with the sound of a man that had drinken way too many espressos. Well, at least that hadn't changed since Wilbur died. He was still a monstrous coffee fiend.

“What do you want?” he grumbled, rubbing his eyes. Wilbur was still smiling.

“Quackity wants me to be his date to the White Banquet!” Now that woke Tommy up. He stared at Wilbur for a few seconds.

“Big Q wants you to do *what?*” he demanded. Wilbur beamed at him like a fifteen-year-old with a crush. Tommy was not awake enough for this. He just wasn't.

“Yeah! He called me last night! I'm heading over to Las Nevadas in two days! What should I wear? What do I pack? Tommy, this is a big deal. You have no idea how important this is.” Tommy just put his head in his hands.

“Wilbur, I really, really don't want to hear about how important this is. Why the fuck would Quackity want you to be his date? He's engaged!” Wilbur laughed.

“Oh, poor innocent Tommy. That's exactly why he wants me to be his date! He's trying to make Sapnap and Karl jealous. He called exactly the right person. This is going to be so much fun!”

“Why is this your idea of fun?” Tommy asked, following Wilbur out into the living room.

“Listen Tommy, I've been trying to get back onto Quackity's radar since that one time after he shot Schlatt-” Tommy's eyes widened and he choked on air. He followed Wilbur hurriedly.

“Wait, that one time what?” he demanded. “Wilbur, Wilbur, what the fuck do you m- that one time when you *what-*”

“-and now this is my chance!” Wilbur interrupted, seemingly not hearing a word Tommy said. “I can finally talk to him again! Finally! This way-”

Tommy wasn't listening. He braced himself on a wall. Holy fucking shit, did Quackity and Wilbur- is *that* what those noises were? Tommy just figured that there was a zombie or something in the ravine, not that- oh, gross! What the fuck?

Oh, he had some words to exchange with Quackity the next time they talked. Cheeky bastard. But it did explain a lot. Why he and Quackity were pretty much inseparable up until Wilbur blew it all to pieces. Those weird knowing smiles they traded that Tommy didn't think much of at the time.

Oh god. He really was dense, wasn't he? This was so weird. And what did Quackity want with him now? Why? This was so ridiculous. Less than like... a few months back alive and Wilbur was already going to cause trouble.

Tommy really didn't want to be around when he did. He was thinking about skipping out on the White Banquet in general, pretty much every banquet he'd ever been to had gone so horrifically wrong that he wasn't really keen on repeating the pattern. But if Wilbur was going to be there *unsupervised*- damn it.

God damn it. Since when was it Tommy's job to babysit Wilbur? *Since you brought him back to life you fucking idiot.* Oh right. Yeah. Tommy sighed.

“So anyway, what do you think I should go with?” Wilbur asked offhandedly. “Probably a button up of some kind, a nice-looking tie. Quackity seems to like those. I mean, I'm not wearing any fucking suspenders, but I can still imitate him somewhat. He'll like that. What kind of tie should I go for? Maybe I can steal one of his?”

Tommy dropped onto the sofa and sighed. So much for sleeping. There's no way in hell he was sleeping anymore.

Chapter End Notes

we gettin' to the main event eventaully. imma stall first. dont want this to be over too soon lmao.

no fucking ruffles, you son of a bitch

Chapter Summary

im sorry. just. in advance. this is poorly edited and bad but i needed some tntduo banter so i made some

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I can't help but feel like this is going to be awful,” George muttered, and Karl and Sapnap had to physically restrain themselves from agreeing. No. It would be fine!

“We'll be fine,” Karl said, sounding very unsure and unsteady. “It can't- the purpose of the gathering is to ally against the Eggpire! Even Technoblade will get on board with that.” Sapnap groaned.

“I keep forgetting that we invited Technoblade. Fuck.”

“Look, we're making everybody give over their weapons before it starts. Everybody agreed to that when they accepted the invite. There will be no violence,” Karl said, trying to placate them.

“Yeah, you really think that Techno isn't going to sneak like six knives into his outfit?” Sapnap demanded. “Clearly you don't know Technoblade. And like, how are we going to prevent him from hiding knives? What are we gonna do, pat him down? I'd sooner die than go within three feet of Techno. I'm serious.”

“We have to,” George muttered. “This is the only way to get them to talk to each other. For *all of us* to speak to each other. The Eggpire is getting too strong, we have to band together before Bad tries to drive us apart.”

“Different villain, same story,” Sapnap muttered, and George winced.

“Yeah well, it'll end differently this time. Before the ‘villain’ can hurt too many people,” Karl said firmly, crossing his arms. George sighed.

“Right. Well, is there any chance Quackity will be on board with helping us stop the Eggpire? He should be easy to convince, right?” Sapnap blinked.

“There is nothing easy about Quackity, George.” Karl shoved him.

“Sap, don't be an asshole! It's just that- Q's a little unpredictable, is all. Lord only knows what he's been doing for the past few months, apparently, he's been building up Las Nevadas

but that could mean a number of things. I just- I just hope he's okay. He can get a little excessive. I'm- I'm more worried about him than anything else. He wouldn't answer any of us on the comm, so I just hope- I just hope he's alright. I wanna see him again."

The wedding was off, sure, it had been for a long time. But Karl was worried. The last time they spoke to each other, Quackity had been angrier than he'd ever seen the man, all three of them said things they regretted. At least, Sapnap and Karl certainly did.

They still didn't know about Q. They didn't know anything! He wouldn't answer on the comm, and neither of them had any idea where Las Nevadas was. From what they heard; it was amazing.

Ten times more beautiful and expansive than El Rapids ever was. Bigger than Kinoko. But something in Karl just... felt like something was off. For one thing, the crew Quackity was assembling seemed strange. He managed to get Foolish on his side, which didn't make any sense.

Karl knew Foolish, he hated conflict, he hated taking sides too. And Purpled, he hadn't fought as anything but a mercenary since joining the server, why on earth would he ally with Quackity now?

It seemed that Sam helped build the city. Sam. Awesamduke himself, allying with Quackity. Wasn't he the Warden? Wasn't he supposed to be impartial? It didn't make any sense, and it left a bad taste in his mouth.

"Look, we have everything set up," George placated, trying to calm all of them. "As long as there aren't any curve balls, we should be fine. We'll host the first banquet in the SMP's history that didn't go horribly wrong."

"Right," Karl agreed quietly. "As long as everything goes according to plan, no one will be hurt, and we'll come out the other side with a strong as fuck alliance to crush the Eggpire once and for all. Just... no surprises, and it'll all run smoothly."

Quackity was woken up at his desk by a frantic Foolish. He hadn't been intending to fall asleep at his desk, he just... never quite made it to the bed the other night. He was fine. It was fine, he was just a little sleepy and didn't feel like stumbling to bed. He spent a lot of his nights at his desk these days, but not very many with a panicked Foolish knocking his door down.

"Q!" he shouted. "Q, um, Quackity, um- uh- there's somebody here? I- I slacked off of my watch for like two minutes, I swear! And then I looked up and boom there was this *guy* standing there, I couldn't stop him from getting in, I tried to catch him but that bastard's really *slippery*- " The door opened and Quackity locked eyes with the one and only Wilbur Soot, carrying a suitcase.

"Hi!" he called cheerfully. All Quackity could do was laugh into his hands.

“Foolish, calm down. It's fine. That's Wilbur.” The god went very still and very pale before muttering a quiet “oh” and dipping back behind the doorway. Wilbur laughed, walking into the office properly.

“Holy shit, am I famous?” he asked, and Quackity just ran a hand through his disheveled (disheveled, as if it was just a little messy, no, it was soundly fucked up. He hadn't brushed it in like- what, three months? It wasn't a lot of hair to brush but still-) and sighed.

“Not exactly,” he responded vaguely, recalling that one-time Quackity regaled Foolish about his and Wilbur's escapades.

“He's the one who blew up L'manburg?” Foolish whispered in awe. Quackity laughed.

“Oh yeah. Blew that fucker to the ground. He partnered with Dream to do it.”

“He partnered with Dream? Why!” Quackity shrugged.

“The guy had a lot of tnt. It's fine, Foolish, I'm over it. The bastard's dead anyway.”

“Wait, so, let me get this straight. You got into an argument with your husband and shot him, taking one of his lives.”

“Yes. I still don't regret it.”

“Okay, fine. But then you ran off into the woods, found a small blond child, and joined the movement of this arsonist guy who you ran against in a presidential election? Like, this guy who you used to be friends with and then ended up becoming sworn enemies to? That guy? That Wilbur Soot?” Quackity nodded.

“Mhm. And then we fucked.”

“You what?” Foolish squeaked. Quackity sighed, ignoring the reactions, lost in his own head.

“And you know what the worst part is?”

“It gets worse?” Quackity ignored him and smiled, shaking his head.

“Yeah, it does. Because I still fucking miss him.”

“I've always wanted to be famous,” Wilbur muttered, leaning against Quackity's desk. He rolled his eyes.

“You were fucking famous! You were like- the *most* famous, Wilbur. For several reasons.”

“Yeah, well it wouldn't hurt to be famous again. This time, not because of like- starting a revolution.” Quackity raised an eyebrow.

“Why else would you be famous?”

“For my sick guitar skills and sultry voice, obviously,” Wilbur snickered, and Quackity rolled his eyes. “You play too, don't you? We could be a duet!”

“Don't bother,” Quackity muttered, trying to fix his tie. “I haven't touched my guitar in a really long fucking time.”

“What, too busy hanging out in casinos?”

“They're *my* casinos, Wilbur. I don't play, I rarely ever deal.”

“Of course *you* don't play, I bet the games are all rigged anyway.” Quackity rolled his eyes.

“Oh, shut up. Don't get comfortable, we leave for Kinoko tonight.” Wilbur groaned.

“Big Q, I just got here?” he whined. “I wanna stay! Show me the city, Q. Take me for a ride through the neon lights. We could-”

“I don't need you waxing poetic right now,” Quackity muttered. “Now open your fucking suitcase, let me see what you packed for the banquet.” Wilbur grumbled but flipped the suitcase open, and Quackity stared at the contents.

“Oh, you have got to be fucking kidding me! No, no, you are not going anywhere in that. What the fuck even is that shirt? Where'd you get it, 1856?” Wilbur frowned.

“Hey, that's a little-”

“Come on. We're going to my closet. No fuckin' ruffles, you bastard. No companion of mine is going to dress up like Dracula at a goddamn Halloween party.” Wilbur smirked and his eyes lit up.

“Ooh, have I been upgraded to companion?”

“Shut up.”

“Companion, huh? You know, I always thought of myself as more of a-”

“Wilbur if you do not *shut up*, I swear to god-”

Chapter End Notes

wilbur: haha quackity ur so sexy show me how your casinos work i want to STEAL the party's coming up. ooooh. George and pals are getting a real fuckin' suprise. and so

is everybody else. i can't wait lmao

oh my god where did all that angst come from

Chapter Summary

we gettin' closer to the main event. some major tws for this one:

implied/referenced alcoholism, discussion of alcohol, Dream Is His Own Content Warning, the used of words like "madman", death of course, referenced child abuse, safewords, talkin about consent because consent is sexy, we really havin' a bucket o' laughs this time around. be safe love u

Chapter Notes

oh look at this funny haha crack fic oh its so hilarious BOOM hit you right in the teeth with that angst ahahaha you fools. you morons. you imbeciles. i can fit so much angst. in this crack fic. y'all ain't seen nothing. you have seen nothing yet. ahahaha im so. i am just. so excited. anyway here's some serious angst. be fulfilled.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Okay, so, we need to go over boundaries,” Quackity announced, sitting down at their little camp around the fire.

They were traveling separately from the rest of Las Nevadas, who all had separate reactions to... well... him. Foolish was still intensely put off for some unknown reason, something that Wilbur frankly found hilarious, Sam was stoic as usual if a bit more defensive, and Slimecicle was... strange. To say the least.

(And Fundy? Well, nobody said a word about Fundy and Wilbur hadn't even said the name. Quackity sent him off on some bullshit errands that would keep him far away from the White Banquet, he really didn't need Fundy ruining his plans for Wilbur so early in the game).

Wilbur was fascinated by Charlie, oh what he would give to put that guy under a microscope. It was just so weird! He looked like hard candy in the daytime, very translucent and incredibly green. Where the fuck did Quackity find this guy? Like seriously, where!

Wilbur was wondering if he could go find one for himself. The trip wasn't that hard. They made camp at night and traveled during the day on foot, just to get familiar before the party. Quackity didn't need Wilbur to drop some bombshell in the middle of dinner and fuck up his perfect charade, so they went over how it was going to go over and over again.

Quackity traveled in light clothes and full netherite, while Wilbur didn't wear any armor at all. Quackity watched with something that was definitely not burning envy as Wilbur fought without getting a single scratch, too fast and agile for any of their enemies to keep up.

Wilbur had always been like it, the reminder just left Quackity... bitter. He knew Wilbur hated armor. He was half tempted to say "some of us can't fucking tap dance in battle Wilbur, normal people take hits sometimes" but he didn't feel like it.

That particular night was no exception, Quackity was still in his netherite and Wilbur was wearing the same goddamn trench coat. Quackity stared down his old friend across the fire. Wilbur nodded.

"Right. Boundaries. Okay. I, as always, am up for anything. Always. 24/7." Quackity rolled his eyes. He was beginning to think that if he rolled his eyes any more they would roll right up into his fucking head and never come down. "But I don't wanna freak you out, so what's off limits?"

"Well, i'm not actually going to fuck you, so. That's a no. You can- ugh, fuck, okay, you can kiss me if you want. We need to be pretty affectionate for them to buy it. Touching and shit. That's fine. If I want you to quit it but don't wanna say it out loud i'll say 'apple.'"

"Oh we have a safeword now."

"Don't- ugh, fuck, fine, call it a safeword you son of a bitch. Whatever. You can use it too."

"We could just say no. Like. That'd be fine too."

"No. No trouble in paradise, we have to sell this."

"...you realize withdrawing consent isn't necessarily "trouble in paradise-""

"Wilbur. Drop it," Quackity grumbled, rubbing his eyes. Wilbur put his hands up in mock surrender.

"Okay, okay, I desist. What else?"

"Um... oh. No drinking. At all. Everybody in my crew has to follow this rule, I need you sober. If I find you drinking anything I'll kick your ass, banquet or no. Deal?"

Okay, he wouldn't necessarily kick Wilbur's ass, probably just devolve into a panic attack in front of fucking everybody, which would be just as disruptive. He tells himself that he keeps his staff sober so that they work as efficiently as possible, but though that's not an outright lie, it's not necessarily true either.

He doesn't like it when his friends get drunk. He runs a casino, so random customers getting drunk he can mostly deal with. But he doesn't like it when his friends get drunk. He especially doesn't like it when his romantic partners get drunk (fake or not).

He had to figure that out the hard way with Sapnap and Karl, and to this day he still hadn't explained why he broke into hysterics when Karl bought some cans of beer on a whim. They

probably had their suspicions, but he didn't confirm or deny anything.

Thankfully, Wilbur didn't ask him why, which had to be the one time in his life that Wilbur actually realized when it was time to back down. Go figure.

“Deal,” Wilbur agreed, and then he reached over and grabbed his guitar from where it was sitting in the grass and strummed it dramatically. “Shall I sing you a love ballad to really seal the deal?” Quackity sighed and got up, walking over to his bedroll and collapsing onto it.

“If you play that thing while I'm trying to sleep I will skin you alive.” Wilbur laughed but shoved the guitar back in the case and collapsed on his own bedroll.

When Quackity woke up again, the moon was in the middle of the sky, around midnight or one o'clock, and Wilbur was awake. He was sitting up in his cot, guitar propped on one leg, strumming it absentmindedly and cursing when he got something wrong. Quackity watched him play for a while before Wilbur actually noticed him. He smirked.

“Oh no. Are you going to skin me alive now?”

“You didn't wake me up, so I'll spare you,” Quackity muttered, voice muffled by a yawn. “Looks like you're out of practice. Don't think we could go around touring as a duet when you play like that.” Wilbur snorted.

“Yeah, well, thirteen years is a long time to be out of practice. You're not doing well either, so I'm not the only one.”

“We could tour together and just play terrible music all the time. Two guys that can't play worth shit. We don't even have to tune our guitars.” Wilbur hummed.

“I miss my calluses. I have to build them back up to play like I used to. It's just been a while.” They sat in silence for a minute as Wilbur laid back down.

It would have been poetic, really. Two best friends who were previously lovers laying on the grass together and looking up at the stars. But it wasn't. It wasn't poetic, it wasn't beautiful, it wasn't any of that shit.

Because really, they were just two fuck ups laying on shitty bedrolls in the middle of the forest, staring up at a piece of fabric that obscured the sky.

Just a man that was supposed to be dead and a washed-up casino owner who was engaged three fucking times and never went anywhere with it. It was so weird, sitting right next to each other with walls piled mile high.

Wilbur sighed.

“When did it get like this?” he asked, and Quackity shrugged. “Like... you don't want to be here. I don't really want to be here. Neither of us care. There's nothing- nothing genuine. Was there ever anything genuine? When did we get to just using each other?”

“You mean between us, or in general? Because I think it’s always been like this. It’s the way the world is. I’ve gotten used to it.”

“Yeah. Maybe that’s the problem. Just- I want...” Wilbur sighed. “The more I think about it, the more I think... I was wrong. And if this is just the way of the world, then fine. But I don’t- I don’t want Tommy in the middle of it again. I just don’t.”

I don’t think it’s fair. And if nothing’s fair, then fine. Maybe nothing’s fair. But this one thing... I’m just hoping this *one thing* can be.”

Wilbur was rolled over now, curled on his side, facing away from Quackity.

“Why so valiant all the sudden? You seemed fine with having him help you a while ago. Kind of a weird time for a sudden change of heart.” Wilbur swallowed.

“I’ve been- I’ve been living with Tommy, and he’s acting- he acts different. I don’t like it. He has nightmares and he gets scared and some of it isn’t because of me. And it’s not- I don’t want to contribute anymore to the Let’s Make Tommy’s Life Hell Train. I just don’t.”

“You know that most of that came from Dream, right?” Wilbur was silent. Quackity felt something stir in his chest. “Because like, it sounds like you were just chummy with him. He’s the guy that fucked Tommy over. You realize that, right? It was because of him. All because of your little best-”

“I don’t want to talk about this,” Wilbur whispered, and Quackity felt some of the burning hatred lessen. “I really, really don’t want to talk about this.” Quackity sighed and ran a hand through his hair. He didn’t like it when Wilbur’s voice got shaky. It made him anxious.

“Fine. Sorry. We can- look, we should just go back to sleep.” They were silent for a while.

“Las Nevadas is going to go up in flames,” Wilbur muttered, and Quackity felt himself instantly tense. “It’s going to burn, Q. It just- it just is.”

“This is why I don’t want you in my fucking country, Wil,” Quackity growled, rolling over to face away from him. “When you say shit like-”

“Q,” Wilbur muttered. “Just- just listen to me. I’ve done this before. I’ve been there. I’ve stood at the top of the largest building I built with my own hands, and I’ve stood in the final control room.

I’ve done this before, and I thought- because I know, I get that there’s no way in hell I can get you to back down from ruining everything and yourself in the process. Las Nevadas is gonna go up in flames, and it’s gonna burn the rest of the world to the ground first. It just is.

And I don’t- I know there’s nothing I can do about it. I figure I can watch from the sidelines this time, maybe learn something in the process. Whatever it is. But when it’s over, and you’ve ruined everything, and the dust is settled, just- make sure that you have something left.

Because I... I didn’t. And it burned me, and it almost- I have nothing left of Wilbur Soot. So, when it’s over, make sure that there’s something left of you. Somehow. Don’t lose yourself in

the process. It won't- it won't end the way you want it to. But good luck, I guess. Maybe you can do it. Maybe you'll build something permanent."

"Nothing is permanent," Quackity muttered, and Wilbur scoffed.

"Well, yeah. But in the time that you've got before your time runs out, don't lose yourself. Cause when you get to that point it's not- you can't fix it anymore."

They went to sleep finally, and Quackity tried to pretend that nothing Wilbur had to say mattered. That it was just the ramblings of a madman. He knew it wasn't, that there'd be a time when he understood that. But that time wasn't now.

Chapter End Notes

ohahaha you thought this would be shameless tntduo with no regard for canon trauma, didn't you? oh i bet you did. oh you sure did indeed. no fucking way man. not on my watch.

wilbur, singing with his entire soul: i am damaged,,, far too damaged,,, but you're... not beyond repair-
quackity in his fave sun glasses, pulling a glock out of thin air: literally shiu the fuck up.

wilbur bRUSH YOUR FUCKING HAIR

Chapter Summary

HERE'S SOME FLUFF AND A LITTLE TINY BIT OF PAST ANGST! there are still some warnings on this chapter, allusions to Schlatt just being the fucking worse are in a big *italics* paragraph. everything else is pretty fucking fluffy. oh and references to suicide cause wilbur. im really turning out these chapters, just know i probs cant keep up this speed forever im just havin' a good week lol. thank you so much for your comments guys they really mean a lot im glad you like my end notes <3 please keep commenting it means a lot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They got to a hotel in Kinoko rather stealthily. Wilbur was pretty much confined to the hotel room so the reveal would happen at the party (Quackity was aware that he was being a dramatic bitch, what more did you want from him?) which Wilbur was not happy about.

He complied though, and Quackity fed the rest of them the story. Wilbur and he had been dating for a randomly chosen amount of time, they were very happy, so and so and so. Charlie accepted it without a second thought, Sam's eyebrows climbed higher on his face as Quackity listed the whole thing, and Foolish just looked incredibly uncomfortable.

The banquet was scheduled for the next day, it started at 7:30 exactly, and there was no way in hell Quackity was going to be late to it.

“You’re going to have to brush your hair,” Quackity ordered, and Wilbur groaned from his place on the bed.

They’d gotten a shared hotel room with two beds, because Quackity didn’t trust Wilbur enough not to murder him and frankly didn’t feel like closing the gap between them anyway, plus it was convenient. Wilbur fell back against the bed dramatically.

“How could you ask that of me, Quackity? Don’t you know that I’ve taken an oath to never touch my hair with a hairbrush for as long as I live? For once, in a far-off land, I was but a common knight who fell in love with a beautiful princess. But our forbidden love could never be, and I swore by the stars that- *ack!*”

Wilbur reeled back when Quackity turned around and tossed the hairbrush at him. He sighed, looking in the mirror. He looked great. Fancy shirt, nice tie, the suspenders, his nicer beanie (don’t ask) and the nicest shoes he could manage. He had everything he needed.

His hair was combed, everything was in place, and Wilbur... had not even gotten dressed yet. Quackity managed to get Wilbur to shower, that took a fair amount of convincing, and Wilbur seemed to be feeling rather stubborn lately.

It really wasn't helping Quackity's nerves. He took a deep breath. Quackity was fine. They were fine. He had time, he had a lot of time. He expected this, he prepared for this. He had a plan. That was Quackity, the plan guy. This was fine. Everything was fine.

"I laid out your clothes on the bed, dumbass. Go put them on in the bathroom. Did you wash your hair?" Wilbur hummed.

"Okay, define 'wash.'"

"Wil."

"There was definitely water in my hair."

"Did you use shampoo and/or conditioner for your hair, Wil?"

"... define shampoo and/or conditioner."

"Oh my god. Do you have to make everything 100 times harder? Go put on your fucking clothes, you agreed to fucking wear them so don't pull any "but they're the worst i didn't agree to this shit" on me. Go put on your fairly fine clothes so you look barely presentable."

Wilbur whined but slowly slid off the bed and onto the floor like a three-year-old having a temper tantrum. He grabbed the clothes (that Quackity fucking *ironed*, by the way, if he fucked them up within seconds of touching them Quackity was going to *lose his fucking mind*-) and emerged a few minutes later. Quackity turned around and regarded him coldly.

"I fucking hate dress shirts," he grumbled. "First you take my trench coat, soon it'll be my glasses! Fuck you. Genuinely. You are the bane of my existence right now." Quackity sighed and picked the hair brush up from the bed.

"You still need to brush your hair." Wilbur groaned and fell back onto Quackity's bed.

"You're so fucking lame! Who is Wilbur Soot if not a kid with fucked up hair?" Quackity snorted.

"Neither of us are kids, Wil. Sit down, i'm going to brush your fucking hair whether you like it or not." Wilbur whined but sat up begrudgingly as Quackity settled on the bed behind him. He frowned.

"God, when was the last time you brushed your hair?"

"Thirteen years ago," he deadpanned, and Quackity blinked.

"Ugh, fuck, okay fine," he growled, started to work the knots out to the best of his ability. He wouldn't have accidentally pulled if Wilbur wouldn't stop fucking *squirming*, and dear god he always knew Wilbur could never sit still but this was another fucking level.

It felt kind of nice, though. It had been... a really long time since he's run his hands through Wilbur's hair. And by the way Wilbur leans back into him, it's been forever since Wilbur's had anybody touch him like this. *Thirteen years.*

He doesn't want to think about that. Not really. Wilbur is leaning back against his chest with his eyes closed, and Quackity is still dragging the brush through his hair. He realizes, somewhere in his head, that this is like. Incredibly fucking intimate, and he doesn't mind.

He doesn't fucking mind, and *damn*, is that scary. It reminds him of a few things.

Quackity is tired.

Oh, he's so fucking tired. His head hurts, and Wilbur kicks in his fucking sleep and hogs the blankets, and what a surprise it is that it's cold in a fucking ravine. And, look, sleeping with Wilbur after he threatened to blow up the entire country and maybe die with it probably wasn't a good idea, but to be fair, Quackity wasn't necessarily in a good way either.

God, they're so fucked up. Wilbur was spiraling and Quackity was starting to consider joining him in that endeavor. Nothing felt worth it anymore, and he knew somehow that they expected him to return as a spy, likely. W

hich would mean that he'd have to talk to Schlatt again. After everything. God, he is not ready for that, he doesn't even want to fucking think about it. Maybe if he told them why they wouldn't make him go back, but he's not fucking weak. He's not.

He can do whatever he wants, he's gone through worse. Maybe he'll steal some potions from the camar van just to make it a little easier. He walks down the hallway, dragging his feet the entire time.

There's a kitchen somewhere in the ravine, he just has to find it. After a few doors he finally finds it, and down a cup of water so fast that he doesn't even stop to consider why he knew exactly where the glasses were in the cabinets.

After he's finished, he turns around and wipes his mouth, thinking he'll head back to the room and wondering if Wil is awake yet- and then he turns and comes face to face with none other than Technoblade himself. Technoblade is standing there like an idiot, fulling decked out in armor.

Red eyes stare at his, and Quackity wonders if it's clinically possible for somebody to die of embarrassment. They just stand there for so long, staring at each other. And then Technoblade speaks, and it's the worst possible sentence he could have said at that moment. It's literally just six words, and Quackity is suddenly reeling.

“....why are you wearing Wilbur's shirt?”

Oh god. Oh no. Scratch that earlier question about whether it's possible to die of embarrassment, because now Quackity knows for sure that he is. A fatal case of “oh my

“fucking god no. I would rather saw my own arm off than be standing in this room in front of this person right now.” It has certainly happened before, but this is a new low.

“I- I don’t know,” Quackity mutters, like a fool who’s terrible at lying. Fuck, fuck he’s so awful at this.

How do you not know why you’re wearing a shirt? At least it wasn’t Tommy who found him.

Oh god, that would have somehow been worse. Just as Quackity thinks about just how the fuck exactly he’s going to worm his way out of this one, none other then Wilbur appears in the doorway.

“Q, where did you-” he froze before smiling. They locked eyes, having a silent conversation that Quackity was pretty sure he somehow lost. (how do you lose a conversation? Quackity could not tell you. He has no idea how he got into this mess, no idea what’s going on in the middle of it, and has no idea how to get out.)

Fuck, he’s not wearing his beanie. Now he just feels naked. Wilbur walks in with equally fucked up hair and Techno looks at both of them, raising an eyebrow. And then Wilbur manages to do the single worst thing he could possibly do in that situation. He walks up to Quackity and kisses him.

No fuss, no muss, just straight up. Quackity can hear Techno mutter a quick ‘nope’ and duck out the door, and he lets Wilbur kiss him for a minute because it’s really not that bad and his brain is moving super slow anyway, and then Quackity shoves him away and resists the urge to find the nearest lava pit to throw him in.

“Wilbur!” he hisses, and since fucking when was he the normal one in this relationship with common sense? (Relationship? Oh god fuck what, relationship, it’s not a relationship, it’s not it’s so not a relationship fuck shit oh god).

“What? I didn’t do anything wrong!” Wilbur insisted, and Quackity just buried his face in his hands. And looking back on moments like that, it’s kind of like standing in the eye of the hurricane. In the middle, there’s calm right before God comes calling. After living in hell, you see that little bit of sunlight, and you think it’s over, you really do.

And then you realize that you’re only halfway through the storm.

Hm. Speaking of Technoblade... you know, Quackity was never sure quite how to feel about the fact that the man he hated the most in the fucking server (other than Dream), the bastard that ruined everything, that murdered people he cared about... had also seen him make out with Wilbur in his own fucking kitchen.

“You good?” Wilbur muttered sleepily, and Quackity blinked back into reality. He was still sitting on the bed, playing with Wilbur’s hair while the much taller man practically fucking melted into him. Also, the brush was discarded. So Quackity was just. Sitting there. Combing his fingers through Wilbur’s hair. He swallowed.

"Uh- yeah, yeah i'm good. 'S been a long day. We should get going." He checked his watch and realized that they'd only been sitting there for a few minutes.

Fuck. Quackity sighed and smoothed his hair back. "Wil, get off we have to go." Wilbur whined yet again but got up. His hair was even more fucked than before, but Quackity found that he didn't mind. Why did Wilbur have to be so fucking pretty all the time?

It was seriously getting on his nerves. Wilbur smirked at him and Quackity sighed.

"Alright Wil, are you ready to cause some chaos? Because that's why we're here."

"Hell yeah!" Wilbur said, opening the door as Quackity followed him out. "Let's fucking do this thing!"

Chapter End Notes

.....did i mention how incredibly fucking touchstarved these two men are? they are so touch starved. they are just. they are just so touchstarved, especially wilbur.

wilbur, after: woah. that was kinda... that was kinda gay.

quackity: uh. i guess.

wilbur: woah, quackity, are you like. gay?

quackity:..... yes?

wilbur: woah. i didnt like... know that about you.

quackity: wilbur i literally had two boyfriends.

wilbur: woah. thats like. super gay. just so we're clear, im not like. im not gay or anything man.

quackity: wilbur what are you talking about

wilbur: im just saying im not gay bro

quackity: we liTERALLY FUCKED AT YOUR BEST FRIEND'S HOUSE I-

mark me down as scared and horny

Chapter Summary

okay so. i will preface this with. this is barely edited. i tried my best here. tell me if you like it, i hope it lives up to your expectations lol. wilbur talks about suicide a bit so beware of that. anyway, have fun.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Las Nevadas crew looked perfect when they entered the banquet hall, and Quackity made damn fucking sure of it.

Charlie's suit was perfect and slime proof, Quackity made him wear gloves so he could shake people's hands without grossing them out. Foolish was perfect and golden (ha) already, Sam had his own tailored suit made specifically for the occasion, and Quackity? He looked fucking amazing.

Admittedly, he wasn't wearing a suit (he hadn't worn one of those since the Schlatt administration) but he was wearing one of his most beloved dress shirts and the nicest tie he could find.

And Wilbur... Wilbur wasn't perfect, he was disheveled as always, but that had always been part of the appeal when it came to him.

Quackity could never pull off being good looking when his hair was messy, but Wilbur's secret was that he rolled out of bed like a greek god and there was absolutely fucking nothing Quackity could do about it. Nightmare fuel, except it mattered a lot more when they were teenagers. And at times like this.

Whatever, he looks great, he knows he looks great, there's no reason to think about anything else right now, and he's definitely not thinking about anything else right now anyway.

Certainly not about how Wilbur has one hand on his hip and how he's acting so incredibly fucking neutral about it. It's driving him crazy, and it shouldn't, because they're going to be doing this all night. And that's fine. It's great. *Fuck*. He vastly underestimated how this was going to affect him, and he knew so goddamn well that Wilbur was going to do everything in his power to make everything as complicated as possible.

Wilbur flashed him a bright smile and he used every bit of restraint he had not to slap the bastard right there. He had to play nice, he'd always been a good actor. Quackity braced himself as they walked into the banquet hall, watching the guards's mouths drop open upon seeing Wilbur.

The hall is well decorated, a large white table in the middle with a crystal chandelier over it. The first of the partygoers to notice them is Wilbur's father, incidentally. Philza's eyes light up when he looks over, grinning. With the lack of surprise in his reaction, Quackity figures that Phil knows of Wilbur's revival. He turned and approached them, the Blood God on his heels, and Techno looked far more surprised, almost stunned.

He still followed, and watching him approach, Quackity tightened his grip on Wilbur's shoulder. He knew it had been a long time, but seeing the man still made him anxious, especially so close. Wilbur shoots him a questioning look momentarily and squeezes him gently. Other than that, he doesn't comment, which Quackity is grateful for.

"Phil!" Wilbur greets. "I didn't know you were coming."

"Everybody was invited, mate," Philza told him. "Even porky over here."

"Ranboo's here too," Techno commented, crossing his arms. "But he went to hang out with his husband like a simp. Cringe." Philza laughed lightly.

"Well I think it's sweet." His eyes drifted over to Quackity. He tried for the most placating expression he could manage. He wasn't exactly on good terms with Phil a while ago, the last time he saw the man, but maybe dating his son will lessen the mutual hatred a little. (*Fake* dating his son, you're not actually with Wilbur, you *stupid idiot-*) "I see you've... come with someone else." Quackity opens his mouth to say something, but Techno is already there.

"Oh. Okay. I think I get it. So they're fucking again." Philza turns around and punches Techno in the shoulder, and Quackity can already feel himself getting red. Wilbur just beams. "What? I'm just stating the obvious!" Technoblade protests, and Philza shoots him a glare before turning back around.

"We are here together," Quackity clarifies dryly, and Technoblade doesn't look the least bit surprised. Phil eyes him suspiciously, still smiling.

"Right. Well. I know we haven't had the... most spotless history, Quackity, but this banquet is supposed to be about new beginnings, so maybe we can... put it all behind us, in a sense."

"That sounds like a great idea," Quackity responds calmly, and Wilbur seems bewildered, but he doesn't really ask. With that, Philza waves a goodbye and walks over to somebody else, and Quackity is a bit too relieved to see him go. There's a sound from the head of the room, and oh, it's *George*. Quackity scowls and looks over at him, holding a glass of wine and standing up at his chair.

"Will everyone please take their seats? Dinner will be starting soon." He sounds so smug and so *british*. Ugh. Quackity goes to sit down at marked seats, Wilbur on one side and a very bored looking Sam on the other. No doubt the creeper hybrid wants to be at the prison again at the moment.

Of course he does. Sam, of all people, needs to lighten up the most out of anybody there. Even Technoblade. Across the table, Quackity catches a glimpse of Sapnap and Karl Jacobs. He smiles at them, knowing they haven't spotted him yet, and moves closer to Wilbur.

The show is going to start soon, and he can tell Wilbur is ecstatic. From the corner of his eye, he catches Tubbo looking at him before his eyes shift over to Wilbur. Tommy cringes as Tubbo's jaw hits the floor. He turns and talks to Tommy furiously, who just looks tired. Wilbur frowns.

"Who's that?" he whispers, pointing to Ranboo who's sitting beside Tubbo. Ranboo looks at them without really understanding, raising an eyebrow.

"That's Ranboo," Quackity whispers back. "He's part of the Syndicate, in a group with Niki, your father, and Technoblade. They're resolved to make sure no governments form. Let's just say I'm not on very good terms with them. He's also Tubbo's husband." Wilbur blinked.

"Wait, Tubbo's married?" he asked, the surprise evident on his face.

"Yeah. Tubbo founded a new settlement called Snowchester; he lives there with Jack, who also built it. He and Ranboo got married for tax reasons, but my informants also tell me he has a child with Ranboo. A zoglin, I think. They adopted him. Let's see... who else... um, that's Captain Puffy. And—" Wilbur's eyes slid across the table, and he narrowed them when they got to a certain someone.

"Eret," he muttered. "What are they doing here?"

"Eret's had a bit of a redemption story, I'm afraid. They're doing pretty well with... pretty much everybody. Including Fundy." Wilbur sucked in a breath.

"Right. Of course they are. Fine then."

"Well then, I think it's about time we begin the main event," George said, making everybody at the table tense. He realized his mistake, quickly adding "er, sorry, that phrase um- has some bad connotations. What I meant is that this event was planned for a discussion between all of the factions on the Dream SMP about the—"

"Erm, George?" Tubbo said, standing up. "I hate to interrupt you, but I think there's a- a pretty pressing issue at the table right now," he announced nervously. He stared at Wilbur, and everyone turned to look at him. Quackity couldn't help but smile at the attention.

Fuck, that felt nice. He would never, ever grow out of being the center of attention. He watched the reactions diligently, noting each of them. Ranboo looked confused, Tubbo was still incredibly unsettled (Quackity didn't blame the kid; he heard about the way Wilbur had acted towards him up until the end),

Tommy was dreading every second of it, Techno looked amused, George was surprised, and Karl and Sapnap... oh, Karl and Sapnap. Karl was searching Quackity's face for a clue as to what the fuck was going on, and Sapnap's hands were smoking on the table cloth. Quackity smiled at all of them as Wilbur sat up straighter.

"Hello," he said, waving a hand, still wearing the same charming smile. "I come in peace, I promise." It was a joke, but it didn't really sound like it. George shuffled some papers in his hands.

“A-Ah,” he muttered. “Wilbur- Wilbur Soot. What are- excuse me for asking, but how are you alive?” Wilbur smiled.

“You’re going to have to ask Tommy about that.” Everyone wheeled on Tommy as he tensed before just sighing and staring at the table.

“I… There was an accident with Ghostbur. Dream used the revivebook to bring Wilbur back to life like… a few months ago? Maybe?”

“A few months?” Tubbo hissed.

“I knew as well,” Philza declared, raising a hand, and Techno raised his eyebrows.

“And you didn’t tell me?” he wondered aloud. Philza shrugged. George sighed.

“Okay. This certainly. Puts a few wrinkles in the plan. I mean, more like a few monkey wrenches, but… okay. The show must go on, I suppose-”

“Why are you with Q?” Sapnap interrupted from across the table, glaring straight at Wilbur with something akin to fury. Quackity smiled wider.

“I’m not a damsel in distress, Sappy, you can ask me. I can certainly answer for myself,” he drawled, resting his chin on his hands with his elbows on the table. Sapnap rolled his eyes.

“Okay, fine. Why is he with you? I thought Tommy brought him back. So why isn’t he sitting with Tommy?” he snapped. Quackity shrugged like he didn’t have a care in the fucking world.

“Well on the invitation you asked if I wanted to bring a plus one, Sapnap.” He saw Sapnap’s eyes widen just as he turned his head to face Wilbur. Quackity grabbed Wilbur by the hair on the back of his neck and forced their faces together, kissing him as hard as he could manage.

Wilbur responded immediately, and *holy shit Wilbur was just as great of a kisser as he remembered*, and he let it continue for a few seconds just for dramatic effect before pulling away. He turned to show his ex-fiance’s a lazy smile. “So I fucking did!”

Silence. Tommy looked like he was about to throw up, and Sapnap seemed seconds away from tossing a fireball across the table. Karl looked fucking stumped, like somebody had just proved the existence of leprechauns right in front of him.

It was perfect. George looked about ready to pass out from exhaustion and annoyance (which was *exactly* the reaction Quackity had been hoping for), Tubbo just put his hands on Ranboo’s shoulders for support while Ranboo frantically asked him what was wrong, and Charlie was just grinning like the stupid ridiculous child he was. Philza looked away, pretending not to have seen anything, and Techno just stared head on like it was the most normal thing in the world. He looked around.

“What? How is this surprising? None of you saw this coming? C’mon, Wilbur and Quackity were like the most obvious people in the world before the revolution, they were obviously-”

“Oh my god, this was a thing during the *revolution*?” Tubbo squeaked, putting his head in his hands while Tommy patted him on the back sympathetically. “Oh my fucking god. Oh my god there’s no way. In the ravine- oh my god. Oh my god, what the *fuck*-”

“Deep breaths, big man,” Tommy grumbled, shooting Wilbur a look. Quackity spanned a glance at Wilbur, and he looked...ecstatic. And really pretty, though that wasn’t new. His hair was a little tousled and he was blushing and it was adorable, and he was smiling.

Goddamn, if Wilbur reacted like this every time they kissed, Q would just have to kiss him more- (*holy fucking shit no, Quackity you did not just think that holy shit no no no no that wasn’t what I- I didn’t mean it like- I wasn’t trying to-fuck, fuck it’s fake it’s fake ignore that thought you certainly didn’t have-*) He looked great, was all. Quackity was proud of cleaning him up properly before the banquet, he was just glad that the plan was going well. Clearly. Techno scratched his head.

“You guys seriously didn’t know? They literally could not have been more obvious about this. Like, Wilbur made out with Quackity in the fucking kitchen like two seconds after Quackity started staying in the-”

“Technoblade!” Philza shouted, standing up and slamming his hands on the table. He laughed nervously as Techno’s mouth snapped shut. Philza looked over to George pleadingly. “How about we uh- we break for five, yeah? Seems like everybody’s a little high strung, I don’t think we’re gonna get anything productive done right now, mate.” George nodded slowly.

“Ah. Yes. Right. Everybody just... um... break, I guess.” George’s voice was drowned out as people began standing up and walking away from the table, talking to each other in a million individual situations. Quackity was practically fucking buzzing with glee. That couldn’t have gone better. Sapnap was so angry he melted his fucking fork, and Karl looked so incredibly uncomfortable. God, it was all worth it. It was so fucking worth it.

Quackity stood up and dragged Wilbur with him as he walked away, dragging the man by his trench coat, disappearing into the crowd. He slammed Wilbur against a wall as soon as he found a little pocket in the hall they could hide in, kissing him again. This one lasted longer, and Wilbur really, really didn’t back away from it. Eventually Quackity drew back, eyes shining with glee.

“Holy fucking shit, Wilbur!” he whispered-shouted. “That was perfect, that was fucking perfect, you nailed that! Since when were you such a good fucking actor?” Wilbur blinked at him.

“Uh- always have been, big Q. Always have been.” Quackity pushed away from him and started pacing.

“Oh, this is great! Did you see their faces? Oh fuck, priceless! The night has just begun, too! Dear Prime, I have no idea why I ever doubted you, Wilbur. You’re perfect for this role! Our fling in Pogtopia just further cements-”

“Was it just a fling to you?” Wilbur asked suddenly, and Quackity paused. He opened his mouth and closed it again. Wilbur had his hands in his pockets, head tilted slightly. He was

still smiling, but it was more crooked. Quackity swallowed, ran a hand through his hair as the atmosphere changed. Wilbur shrugged nonchalantly. "Just asking, Q. It's not a big deal."

"I..." Quackity didn't really know what to say, or how to say it, for that matter. Because as much as he wished it wasn't true, the answer was no. It wasn't just a fling. For a while, it was his only reason to get out of bed in the morning, his only assurance that maybe things were gonna be okay. That he could be happy with someone that wouldn't hurt him. And maybe that wasn't the healthiest, but that didn't mean it wasn't true.

Quackity hesitated to use the word love, but that was just because of how well it fit the situation. They had both fallen for each other headfirst, so it seemed. He remembered that much. But to Quackity, lying was as natural as breathing. He didn't have to tell Wilbur the truth here, to make things more awkward. He could lie. It would be easier just to lie.

"No," he answered firmly. "No, it um... it was more to me. It was a lot more to me." He hesitated. Oh, they were getting into vulnerable territory now, and Quackity didn't do good with that, not in the slightest. He should back away from this conversation immediately.

As fast as possible. Instead, he kept talking. "For a while, after, I wondered if- I wondered if it really meant anything to you. I mean, I was thinking about- I was thinking about the future. And you didn't- you didn't want to have a future, so I just figured... that you didn't care." *That I wasn't enough. That you didn't want me. That it was just as meaningless to you as everything else.* What he left unsaid was hung between them heavily. Wilbur paused, thinking, leaning back against the wall.

"I... do you want me to be honest, Quackity?" he asked.

"Yeah. No secrets will probably do us some good, for once," he responded. Wilbur took a breath.

"It didn't... it didn't have anything to do with you. And like- I don't mean in a bad way, I just mean... if i'm being perfectly honest, I barely remember the days leading up to the explosion. I was just... I was out of my mind, Q. I don't mean it to sound like I was- like I wasn't there, but I... I was in hell.

And maybe it has to do with the resurrection, maybe not. Maybe i'm blocking it out. I just wasn't- I wasn't thinking straight. I was so twisted up and scared that I just didn't... I didn't care anymore. I was paranoid, I didn't think that any of my relationships with anybody meant anything. Even with Tommy. So yeah, it meant a lot to me. But I- I destroyed L'manburg anyway." Quackity nodded slowly.

"Yeah," he muttered. "Yeah, okay. That uh- that makes sense. Thanks for... for telling me." Quackity walked over, backing against the wall that Wilbur was leaning on and sinking to sit on the ground. They both sat there for a minute.

"It really did mean a lot to me, Wil," Quackity said at last. "It... made me feel like-"

"Guys? Are you back here?" They heard Foolish call, and Quackity sat up straight. Fuck. it occurred to him that he should stand up just as Foolish rounded the corner.

"There you are, I've been-" he trailed off. There, in all their glory, Wilbur and Quackity were. Quackity was sitting on the floor, looking panicked, right next to Wilbur.

And Wilbur's hair was tousled, and his shirt was fucked up, and Quackity was borderline leaning on his leg, and they both had these eyes like a deer in headlights and- "Oh my fucking god i'm so sorry!" Foolish squeaked before immediately turning tail and taking off. Quackity blinked.

"Shit," he muttered. "That was... rather incriminating." Wilbur shrugged.

"Well we're supposed to be fucking, right? I'd say it adds to the illusion." Quackity rolled his eyes and stood up, dusting himself off.

"Well. I guess it's time to go back," Quackity announced, and he was getting excited again just thinking about it. Wilbur nodded and took a step forward, but Quackity stopped him momentarily.

"Wait. Before we go back out there, I need you to promise me something." Wilbur blinked. Quackity smirked at him, just like old times.

"I need you to swear that you'll only punch Sapnap if he punches you first." Wilbur smiled back.

"Mmmm. I'll think about it," was his response, just before they started the short walk back. Yeah, Quackity was feeling much better now, despite the heavy conversation.

Just like old times, indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy: this is so weird. Wilbur, didn't you say you were his servant or something last time we saw him? And now you're dating?

Wilbur, smiling: oh poor sweet tommy. you see, those two things aren't mutually exclusive. In fact,

Quackity, clapping a hand over Wilbur's mouth: DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE

wilbur is just the incarnation of "mark me down as scared and horny!" especially for Q. for the record, this is not the last time that these two are going to have a sad-ish heart to heart at this banquet. sappittus nappitus is having a hard time.

i made myself cry iwth this bad boy

Chapter Notes

oki guys, major cw and tw for this one. there's talk about abusive relationships and smoking. the talking about abusive relationships is within the asterisks ***** like that. i promise there's a good ending to this chapter. some more tw: suicidal feelings, self loathing, all of that wilbur stuff. detailed descriptions about a panic attack. stay safe, this fic ain't worth triggering yourself!!! oh and dont be too mean to karl and sapnap they're trying okay theyre just very oblivious and Bad At This

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur and Quackity walk back into the banquet hall, Quackity adjusting his tie and smoothing his hair down again.

Wilbur can feel people's eyes bore into his back, and it makes him nervous and a bit elated at the same time. He slips his arm around Quackity's waste and squeezes his hip, making the shorter man glare at him. And then Wilbur's back to beaming again, because it really is that easy. That easy to feel good again.

He feels alive, like this, and Q treats him like a real person. He wants to be a real person again, and maybe he never will be, but this is probably the closest thing to it. And oh, from across the room, Sapnap is *mad*. He can see the smoldering in the blaze hybrid's eyes, and he pulls Quackity closer, smiles wider. Because Q is his, and it feels so fucking *good*, even if it's all for show.

And he knows that Quackity is in denial, either about his own feelings or recognizing Wilbur's, but Wilbur isn't.

Wilbur has gotten rather in tune with himself during those years and years stowed away all alone, and he knows that he's fallen head over heels for Quackity. He's been in love with the man since the end of L'manburg, he's no fool. Whether that love is healthy or not, whether he should have it, he doesn't know. But he's pretty damn sure it's love and not obsession. Sure, it feels a little good to see people think that Quackity is his, but that's only because of the way that Big Q is.

The man Wilbur fell in love with is like lightning in a bottle. Impossible to catch, impossible to keep still long enough to know what the fuck is going on. For once, Quackity is standing still, and Wilbur feels like he finally has an opportunity to catch up. And he knows he doesn't deserve Quackity. He really doesn't. He deserves to be in prison right now, deserves to be in hell. But he's not in hell yet, and he wants to enjoy it while it lasts, no matter how immoral that might feel.

He's not just wrapping his arm around Quackity to show off or to make him flustered or anything, the main reason he's doing it is because he forgot just how fucking *good* casual physical contact was. Earlier, when Quackity started touching his hair, he nearly fell asleep right there. It was so soothing, so fucking perfect. Prime, he was so in love. He really was. And Quackity probably wasn't, in all honesty. Of course Quackity wasn't, why would he want Wilbur? But maybe, like this, Wilbur could pretend. For just a little longer.

“Sapnap!” Wilbur greets as he walks over, smiling. Sapnap just glares at him silently. “It's been a long time, hasn't it?” Sapnap rolls his eyes.

“I'm not here to talk to you, Wilbur,” he grounds out. Quackity's smile is razor sharp and dangerous. Karl sighs, looks up at Quackity pleadingly.

“Fuck, Q, I wish you'd just-” he shook his head. “I wish you'd just talk to us instead of instead of doing whatever the hell this is.” Quackity tilted his head.

“I'm sorry, I have no idea what you're talking about,” he responded nonchalantly. Wilbur took a step back as the three focused on each other. “I don't know what it is with you two always convinced that something's wrong with me.”

“It's not that there's something wrong with you!” Sapnap insisted. “Quackity, nobody thinks that there's something wrong with you. We're worried about you-”

“If you were so fucking worried then why did you leave me?” he snapped.

“What- What did you expect us to do?” Karl asked. “All you do is push, Quackity. You push us away and push us away and push us away and then get mad when we take a step back! We thought that was what you wanted.”

“Maybe what I wanted was for you to be there for me,” he growled. “Maybe that's what I fucking wanted. Maybe I needed you-”

“We needed you too!” Karl interrupted. “Kinoko kingdom was right fucking there, Quackity! It was right there for you. We wanted you to come live with us, we wanted us to be happy!”

“And i didn't?” Quackity shot back. “I built Las Nevadas for us too-”

“No you didn't!” Sapnap shouted, and he looked halfway to crying. “Stop- Stop saying that! You didn't, Quackity. You didn't build Las Nevadas for us. You built Las Nevadas so you could bury yourself in another project and ignore everything else going on around you. You built Las Nevadas as an excuse to be alone again. You built Las Nevadas because you thought it was your turn to turn into a dictator, because you wouldn't understand what “breaking the cycle” means if it bit you in the ass! You built Las Nevadas because you wanted power! Don't you dare say you fucking built it for us, Q. Because you didn't!” Quackity scoffed.

“Oh grow the fuck up, Sapnap. You keep saying that i don't tell you anything, but that's plenty rich coming from you! What the fuck did you expect me to do? Just- Just abandon everything i've worked for and become part of your little daydream? Look around, you two! I

admire what you were trying to do with Kinoko, trust me, I really do. But you don't understand, because i've fucking tried, guys. I've tried to run from conflict, i've tried safe havens, i've tried everything.

There's no running from the fighting. Quit fooling yourselves into thinking that staying neutral makes you innocent! What about the fucking Egg, you two? What the fuck do you plan on doing when Tubbo uses the fucking nukes he invented? You don't get to have moral superiority here! Maybe i built Las Nevadas for power, but I built it for the power to keep us fucking safe! I just didn't want another El Rapids! I just didn't want to *grieve* anymore!

Of course you've never wanted power before, you were friends with *Dream* ! You had all the fucking power you'd ever need. You weren't crushed by monsters for years just because they thought they were entitled to power. You didn't fight a losing battle until your hands bled because you fucking refused to let the Dream die. Don't presume to understand why i do what I do, because you wouldn't fucking get it." Karl threw his hands up.

"Well what the fuck were we supposed to do? We can't read your fucking mind! If you don't tell us why you do anything, then what are we supposed to do except jump to conclusions?"

"I don't know, Karl, maybe trust me? For once in your lives?" Sapnap's eyes turned cold.

"Yeah, so much for trust. Turns out you've just been fucking Wilbur Soot while we were worried about you, guess there was no reason to care." Quackity whirled on him with new fury.

"I wasn't the one who lost my fucking engagement ring!" he hissed. "I wasn't the one who partnered up with George of all people instead of going to, I dunno, my *fiances* for help building a new country. I *was* the one who had to hear from fucking *Foolish* that you had moved on without me! That you didn't not contact me because of "communication issues," but because you just didn't give a fuck! I've been trying so hard--"

Quackity moved his hand to grip onto a nearby table, but he didn't see the glass there. So he knocked it over, pushing a full glass of whiskey off of the table and onto the ground by accident. It shattered when it hit the ground. All three of them froze for a minute. And if you didn't know what it looked like, you wouldn't have noticed it. Wouldn't have seen the switch flip. But Wilbur did. Quackity tensed instantly, drew his hand back.

"You know what? No. I'm not f-fucking doing this. Fuck you. I'm not talking to you right now." An uncharacteristic stutter. Sapnap flared.

"What? Quackity, no. No fucking way. You can't- you can't just- you always do this! You can't just walk away from a conversation-" he surged forward, put a hand on Quackity's shoulder, and Quackity flinched. Sapnap frowned, and then Wilbur was standing between them in an instant, smiling down at Sapnap icily, fully using his height to his advantage.

"He said he doesn't want to talk to you. If you'll excuse us, we're going to step outside for a minute." His tone didn't leave room for argument. He turned around and put an arm on

Quackity's shoulder, gently leading him to a door that opened to the courtyard.

Oh, this was bad. This was really, really bad.

Of all the times for a panic attack to strike, of all the times for Quackity to *lose his shit*, it had to be now. In the middle of a fucking party. In front of his fiance's. In front of *Wilbur fucking Soot*. This had to be the worst day in his entire goddamn life. Thankfully he didn't think that anybody else was watching, but at the same time, a meteor could have crashed through the roof and he wouldn't have noticed. His perception of reality at the time had been a bit altered, thank you very much.

And it didn't even matter. It was a cup. A single fucking glass of whiskey, that's all it was! It was an accident! But within seconds, against his will, his ears started ringing, and his brain went foggy. He told Sapnap to leave him alone in a shaky voice, and seconds afterwards he had to *physically restrain* himself from dropping to the ground and picking up the pieces of glass with his bare hands before Schlatt found out. And listen, Schlatt's dead. Quackity made sure of it. He visited the grave a couple of times, just to be as thorough as possible. But oh prime, then Sapnap stepped closer and touched him, and he nearly lost his fucking mind.

It's not like it was violent. It wasn't. His hand wasn't heated, it didn't hurt. Sapnap had definitely touched his fucking shoulder before. But even though it was only a few seconds after, it felt like a lifetime.

And somewhere in his head, he decided that yeah, this was it. This was where it ended. Neither Sapnap or Karl had ever hurt him before, they had never even thought of hurting him, but he figured that he'd really messed up this time, and well, this was it. He ruined the good things like he always did, and this time he'd fucked up so badly that they were finally going to treat him how he deserved, and and and and and-

Oh, right, Wilbur was here. That couldn't be good. That was never good. Someone shoved Sapnap's hand away and then he was walking somewhere (where was he walking? Hopefully not into like. A pit of quicksand or lava or some shit) and walking walking walking very slowly and then fresh air hit him and why was he outside?

Someone was trying to talk to him and he dropped to his knees against a tree and pulled his legs to his chest and finally, *finally* remembered to breathe. Oh right, breathing. He had lungs and shit. For a minute he just thought he was a floating head of some kind, endlessly repeating terrible memories that he couldn't get over. Hm. Well. Eventually he registered that Wilbur was sitting next to him. He groaned and but his head in his hands.

“Wil?” he grumbled. Wilbur hummed, sitting in the grass next to him. “Please for the love of prime give me a cigarette.” Wilbur sighed.

“No.” Quackity groaned again.

“Please?”

“No.”

“Pretty please with a cherry on top?”

“No.”

“You’re the fuckin’ worst.”

“I’m being responsible.”

“Since when have you ever been responsible?”

“Maybe I oughta start.”

Silence. Finally, Quackity sighed.

“You’re wondering what all of that was about.”

“No I’m not.”

“I know you’re not gonna ask about it, Wil, but I can tell with you.”

“You don’t gotta talk about anything you don’t want to.”

“Doesn’t matter. I owe you an explanation, and I sure as hell ain’t giving one to Sapnap or Karl.”

“You don’t owe me anything, Q-”

“It was because of Schlatt.”

Silence. Again.

“What do you mean-”

“He was really shitty when we were together. Like. The worst. I freaked out because I got scared Sapnap was gonna hit me.” Wilbur tensed.

“Sapnap-”

“No. Never. He wouldn’t, but Schlatt- different fuckin’ story.”

Realization dawned. Quackity prepared for the onslaught of guilt and questions.

“Wait...” Wilbur muttered. “So when we- when we were together, you and him had just- so we- so I- Oh shit. That’s really fucked up. I’m sorry. That’s- i didn’t know-”

“Wilbur, shut up.”

“I took advantage of you. I-”

“No. You didn't.”

“Quackity, i shouldn't have-” Quackity rolled his eyes.

“Prime, will you quit it already? Yeah, I had just gotten out of an abusive relationship. But you were ten seconds from killing yourself, alright? So we were both a little- a lot- fucked in the head at the time. Remember when I told you we were using each other? We were. That's why we were. I think I loved you, but that doesn't mean either of us were in the right frame of mind to go on a fucking honeymoon.”

Silence. Again.

“You loved me?”

“Yeah. It was a long time coming, it didn't have anything to do with Schlatt.”

“Well I guess that's... nice.”

“...Do you think we could ever try again?”

“Not now.”

“No, of course not. But like. If we ever figure shit out. And sort out all the messy shit. And find a way to survive in a world like this. Do you think we could try again? And actually... be happy with each other. Instead of our usual bullshit.” Quackity laughed.

“Yeah. I remember. We thought- we thought we could be ‘broken together,’ whatever the fuck that means.”

“Yeah. We did. If you ever want to... be with me again, eventually, we won't- we won't do that next time. We'll actually be happy. Because we can be.”

“You don't believe that, Wil.”

“...What do you mean?”

“You want me to be happy, but you don't think you deserve to be happy. I told you, i can see right through you. Both of us being happy means both of us.”

“...I don't deserve to be happy.”

“Yeah, I know you think that now. But hopefully it'll change. And one day you'll feel different.”

“Yeah. One day, you'll stop smoking.”

“I don't smoke that much. Just when I have a panic attack.”

“And how often is that?”

“...just shut up.”

“Cmon, I told you i'd change for the better. I don't know what you've got goin' on in your head, but it can't be great either. You said we'd be happy together, right?” Quackity sighed.

“Yeah. yeah alright, i'll stop smoking. And... the “other shit going on in my head,” as you so eloquently put it.”

Silence.

“I love you,” Wilbur said.

“I love you too. But not- not yet.” Wilbur nodded.

“Yeah. I know. No pressure.”

“Good. And we've got different issues, but... we'll work on it, and some day, we'll both be happy.”

“Both of us?” Wilbur whispered.

“Both of us.” Quackity whispered back.

Chapter End Notes

low key made myself cry with this one. should i continue this story or just leave it here? i don't have a whole lot to expand on, except that this kinda sounds like an au where the red banquet hasn't happened yet. it doesn't make sense for foolish to be with the crew then but shhhhhhut up. i kinda wanna write the red banquet but wilbur is there. mmmm good shit. well first i gotta finish this banquet, of course, but ya know how it is. i love these two sm.

Quackity:and i didn't even have to use the safeword.

Wilbur, wheezing: i still can't believe you let me call it that

Quackity, pulling out his machine gun: wilbur i Will Not Hesitate

just a quick tuberculosis interlude

Chapter Summary

alright, hurrah! i will be continuing this! next chap will probably be a bit of a timeskip until after the banquet. first, have some bee duo for your soul. thisll be a short one <3

tw: lightly alluded to abuse, be safe.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tubbo knew something was wrong, he just... he just knew.

Like, he didn't have "spidey senses," when it came to Quackity. Hell, sometimes he feels like he doesn't even know Quackity anymore. Firstly, it's not like they've really talked in a long time. Quackity has changed in half a hundred different ways, he knows that. But that doesn't mean he can't still care about him, does it? Sometimes he thinks he cares too much about someone that probably doesn't care about him, but regardless, Quackity *had* cared for him.

At some point, at least. He wouldn't have tried to keep Schlatt away from him as often as possible otherwise. He wouldn't have done everything in his power to keep Tubbo away from as much of the danger as he could during those days. Wouldn't have patched him up when Tubbo was in the wrong place at the wrong time. So when he sees Karl and Sapnap looking stricken while staring out into the courtyard and no Quackity (or Wilbur) in sight, he knows that something's wrong immediately.

He had been in a conversation with Tommy and Ranboo when he noticed them, and that sinking feeling wormed its way into his stomach.

"-ubbo?" Ranboo asked, and Tubbo turned back to his friends, blinking.

"What? Oh, sorry. I- there's something I have to check on." Tommy raised an eyebrow.

"Alright, whatever you say big man. I should probably catch up with some friends anyway." Ranboo followed Tubbo worriedly, hovering behind him. Tubbo didn't pay any attention.

"What happened?" Tubbo asked, stopping in front of Karl and Sapnap. They looked panicked and worried.

"I- I don't know!" Sapnap cried. Tubbo raised an eyebrow.

"We were having a conversation and Quackity just- freaked out," Karl said. "I don't know what was wrong. He and Wilbur just walked outside. I think Wilbur was about ready to kill

us, but I don't know why. Something must have set Quackity off?"

"He flinched," Sapnap muttered quietly. "Like, he flinched away from me. Like he was scared of me. What the fuck- why would he- why did he think i would?" Tubbo put his head in his hands. *Fuck. Fuck. Okay, focus. You have to find him. You have to go find him. He needs you-*

"Where did they go?" he asked, and Karl nodded towards the courtyard. And then Tubbo was walking, Ranboo following and making slightly distressed enderman noises as he did. Tubbo searched the dark courtyard, panicking steadily, searching for a hint of a beanie or that white collared shirt in the grass or-

"Tubbo!" Ranboo said, standing in front of him with a worried look plastered on his face. "Tubbo, *what* is going on? I know that I'm a little clueless and that it gets annoying, but please just- what's going on?" Tubbo shook his head, blinking back tears.

"Y-You don't get it. You don't understand, I *have* to find Quackity, I have to, he *needs* me, and I owe it to him to be there, and I-"

"Slow down, Tubbs. Please. Deep breaths, you're going to be okay-" Ranboo glanced over his shoulder and relaxed a bit. "I think Quackity's okay, Tubbo. You're okay too. Look behind you." Tubbo did, turning around, expecting to see a distraught Quackity or a dead body or something-

instead, he saw Quackity and Wilbur. Leaning against a tree in the grass, holding hands. Watching the stars quietly. Tubbo sniffled from his spot far enough away that they wouldn't be heard, and wiped his eyes.

"Oh," he whispered. Ranboo put an arm around him and he let himself relax into it.

"See? Everything is okay. No worries." Tubbo nodded slowly.

"Right," he croaked. "Right, I'm- I'm sorry. I'm sorry, this- it's stupid. I'm so stupid, nothings- i'm sorry, i don't know what's wrong with me-"

"Hey, hey" Ranboo said gently, pulling Tubbo into a proper hug. "None of that, alright? It's okay. You're okay. I don't really know what upset you, but i'm sure it's not stupid. You were just scared. That's okay. It's okay to be scared sometimes. We all get scared." They sunk down into the grass and Tubbo just let his husband hold him for a minute, rocking back and forth a bit. "You can um- pick up a dirt block, if you want. It always helps me." Tubbo laughed shakily.

"Yeah, thanks. I'm- i'm o-kay-"

"You don't have to be," Ranboo interrupted, resting his chin on the top of Tubbo's head. "You don't have to be. You can be not okay for a little while. I'm not okay a lot."

"... then I guess- i g-guess i'm not okay."

"That's fine."

“I love you.”

“I love you too. We’re gonna be okay.”

Chapter End Notes

i wuv them. so much. just had to slip some of 'em in here for safekeeping. next one will be back to tntduo. prommy.

oof

okay, so like, i said i would continue this. but i just realized that i like. don't have any ideas? so i just wanted to let you guys know that i won't be continuing this series. if i do, it'll be under a different work that's part of this series, but not another chapter. thank you so much for hanging around and reading my work, it means so much!!! i hate to self promo, but if you want you could check out some of my other stuff???? haha jk.... unless??? anyway, seriously, thank you guys so much. ill probably delete this chapter eventually, but figured i shouldn't just cut off the series when i said i'd do more. lol. okay. have a good day, drink water <3

EDIT: okey dokie, this is part of a series now, and there are some extra random oneshots in this world attached in the series this is apart of! if you want, you can check that out :) i am going to go back and do some minor editing on this fic, mostly for grammar and spacing stuff because i started this when i was really new to ao3 and my formatting is off. so yeah! just minor edits and new stuff occasionally about these two. thanks so much for the love on this fic, its seriously means so much holy shit lololol

End Notes

sapnap and karl, sadly: he's probably moved on, and he's probably understandably mad at us. it would be great if we could rekindle our relationship, but its been so long and we've been apart for a while, and well... if he's with someone else and doesn't want to associate with us anymore... that's okay. we jsut want him to be happy <3

quackity with his serious af abandonment issues, trying not to cry: OH WAS THAT A FUCKING CHALLENGE???? IM SO HAPPY, Y'ALL HAVE NO IDEA JUST HOW FUCKING HAPPY I AM RN, JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU FIGURE OUT HOW TOTALLY FINE AND HAPPY I AM WITHOUT YOUR SORRY ASSES-

y'all want me to continue this? future chapters will probably be better edited then the first one. im rlly tired rn but i wanted to publish this before i sleep bcus happy chemical. next chapter we get to see wilbur be like "tommy im going to be in the general proximity of quackity!!! im going to cry this is all ive ever dreamed of!!!" while tommy just groans and rolls over and wonders what he did to get to this point in life. he's so fcking tired y'all

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